

THE "UNION."

D. C. MOOMAW.

Some misapprehension has arisen concerning the proposed union of the G. B. and Brethren organizations. It is considered as the equivalent of a surrender of our cause, by brethren who have not rightly weighed the propositions embodied in the published articles on the subject. It will be helpful to these brethren to know what circumstances gave birth to the idea of union.

When elder D. L. Miller was in Roanoke in March he spent an evening at my house. I brought him from the city in my buggy. As soon as the customary topics of the day were disposed of, after some remarks about my return to the G. B. church, we introduced the subject of organic union of the two denominations. Brother Miller asked my opinion as to the best means of reaching such a result. I replied that the appointment of a joint commission by our Annual Conferences would be proper to formally inaugurate the movement. Brother Miller assented to the suggestion. I asked him from which side should come the first official declaration of such a purpose. He replied that he thought we should appear first in the movement, and they would respond. I agreed with him and suggested that I would throw an article in the EVANGELIST in order to draw out the feelings of our brotherhood. The communication which was published in the EVANGELIST No. 17, was the product of our interview. No thought of "surrender" or "death bugle" or "collapse" entered our minds. Brother Miller knows as well as we do that our cause is rich with all the conditions of growth and perpetuity, and he further knows that the progress of his denomination warrants a sincere effort on their part to fill the chasm that misdirected zeal made between us, with love and forbearance, to the end that we may all be brethren in name and practice as we are in the fundamental doctrines.

At our District Conference held in Maryland on the 30, and 31, ult., and 1, inst., we addressed a memorial to our August National Conference, asking the appointment of five brethren to represent our church on the joint commission, and we laid down four propositions as a basis of union which we ask that our commission shall advocate. They embody the conditions of church membership, official qualification, causes of expulsion, and basis of church government. The following are our propositions, to wit:

1. Profession of repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and covenant to take the New Testament

as our only rule of faith and practice, the only conditions of baptism and church membership.

2. Heresy and immorality the only causes of dismembership.

3. Christian character and ability to perform the duties of the offices of the church the only conditions of ordination.

4. The congregation the only arbiter of its internal affairs.

In our opinion these propositions contain the germs of the saving doctrines of the Gospel as understood and practiced by our people. Of course immaterial modifications thereof may be necessary when the conference meets. Let us pray for the spirit of unity to animate the hearts of our people.

BILLY.

Billy was a peddler's horse. Every day he drew a large wagon along the country roads. This large wagon was loaded with tins and brooms. It was a heavy load to draw. He stopped at all the houses, so that his master could sell the brooms and tins. One day, after he had traveled a long time Billy stopped. There was no house in sight. He was tired and hungry.

"Go along," said his master.

"No," said Billy.

This is the way Billy said "No." He set his four feet out. He laid back his ears and shook his head.

His master got out of the wagon and patted him.

Billy didn't stir.

He moved the harness here and there, and patted him more.

Billy didn't stir.

He talked to him in a very pleasant tone.

But Billy didn't stir.

What was to be done?

The peddler wanted to sell his brooms and tins and go home; but he could not do it if Billy refused. He went to the back of the wagon. A gentleman who passed thought he was going to whip the horse; the peddler knew better. He took a pail from the wagon; there was some meal in the pail. He showed it to Billy, then he walked on and set the pail down.

Billy could see the pail.

Pretty soon Billy lifted his ears and looked very good-natured. He went forward to the pail.

Then his master let him eat the meal; then he put the pail back in the wagon and Billy trotted off briskly with his load.

The meal was better for Billy and his master than the whip.—*Little Folks' Reader.*

WHEN denied a luxury some Christians imagine the Lord has forsaken them.

THE GREEDY BOTTLE.

A poor undersized boy named Tim, sitting by a bottle and looking in, said "I wonder if there can be a pair of shoes in it." His mother had mended his clothes, but said his shoes were so bad he must go barefoot. Then he took a brick and broke the bottle, but there were no shoes in it, and he was frightened, for it was his father's bottle. Tim sat down again, and sobbed so hard that he did not hear a step beside him until a voice said:

"Well, what is all this?" He sprang up in great alarm; it was his father.

"Who broke my bottle?" he said.

"I did," said Tim, catching his breath, half in terror, and half between sobs.

"Why did you?" Tim looked up.

The voice did not sound as he had expected. The truth was that his father had been touched at the sight of the forlorn figure, so very small and so sorrowful, which had bent over the broken bottle.

"Why," he said, "I was looking for a new pair of shoes; I want a new pair of shoes awful bad—all the other chaps wear shoes."

"How came you to think you'd find shoes in a bottle?" the father asked.

"Why, mother said so; I asked her for some shoes, and she said they had all gone into the black bottle, and that lots of other things had gone into it, too—coats and hats and bread and meat and things; and I thought if I broke it I'd find 'em all, and there ain't a thing in it! I'm real sorry I broke your bottle father. I'll never do it again."

"No, I guess you won't," he said, laying a hand on the rough little head and went away, leaving Tim overcome with astonishment that his father had not been angry with him. Two days latter he handed Tim a parcel, telling him to open it.

"New shoes! New shoes!" he shouted.

"O, father, did you get a new bottle? And were they in it?"

"No, my boy, there isn't going to be a new bottle. Your mother was right—the things all went into the bottle, but, you see, getting them out is no easy matter; so, God helping me, I am going to keep them out after this."—*Arkansas Methodist.*

HE who makes up his mind that he came into this world to do something, and then goes to work to do it, will be of service to mankind. He is the one who will make his mark among men. It may be a humble mark, but it will be well worth preserving. He will not be forgotten when life is ended.—*Forward.*

THE keynote to life is love.